The Fatal Ring

Carslake Holds Pearl Prisoner and Delivers a Terrible Ultima-

Fatal Ring.")

By Fred Jackson. Episode 9.

spoke-for he was wondering if Carslake suspected the treachery of the day before. But Carslake's next speech relieved him. "I know you wouldn't, you idiot!" he answered impatiently, "but she doesn't. To her youre just a had

lot-a crook without honor or

alty—and she'll take your word for it that you're quit me and got away with the diamond." "Well, Iguess we can try it,"
muttered Dopey Ed obligingly.
"Ask her a thousand for the stone
and tell her she's got to come here
to get it. Give her fifteen minutes
to get here!"
Dopey Ed nodded and picked up
the phone. And the connection was

and she'll take your word for

Dopey Ed nodded and picked up the phone. And the connection was made not five minutes after Tom Carleton's departure from the house. In fact, Pearl was still sitting gasing at the door through which he had just passed, when the bell rang and she went to answer it.

She Answers the Call.

"Hello" called Dopey Ed in a low, mysterious voice. "Is this you, Miss @tandish !" "Yes," replied Pearl. "Who is

"This is the fellow that was with Carsiake last night. Dopey Ed's me monicker. I'm the fellow you surapped with and what threw the

scrapped with and what threw the table at you!"
"I remember you," said Pearl grimly, "What do you want of me, now?"
"Well, it's like this, see," said Dopey Ed. "I've got that diamond. I've broken with Carsiaks and you can have the sparkier for a thousand cold, get me?"
"You've double-crossed Carsiaks and you'll sell the violet diamond for a thousand in cash?" gasped Fearl, her eyes lighting.
"Yea," breathed Dopey Ed, "that's

"Yes," breathed Dopey Ed, "that's

"Very well; I'll buy it at that figure," said Pearl. "You can bring it right around here to my house. I'll have the money waiting for

you!"
"Oh, no thanks. I couldn't do that," murmured Dopey Ed. "And Enat." nurmured Dopey Ed. "And take a chance of being nabbed by Carslage or the police. I guess not. If you want it, you'll come here or send some one with the money. I'm safe here until dark and then I can make my getaway if I have the cash."

She Sets Out Alone. "I see," said Pearl thoughtfully.

"Where are you!" "West Forty-fifth street," said Dopey Ed. and gave her the num-You won't have any trouble finding it, because it's over a bakery and opposite a warehouse. You'd better come right over." "I will," promised Pearl. "Wait there for me."

She hung up the receiver ex-eitedly and rushed for her hat She knew that Tom had not reached the office yet and so it was unless to try to reach him; but she felt that she was quite safe in going alone en this errand as Dopey Ed had told a convincing story. She set out in high spirits for the

She set out in high spirits for the address he gave her.

A not very prepossessing gentleman opened the door for Pearl when she rang, and she saked for Dopey Ed. It was evident at once that she was expected, or else that women were in the habit of calling at this strange house, for the not very prepossessing gentleman directed her to the room on the left, and at that door she knocked.

"Come in," called Dopey Ed's woice.

Pearl entered.
"I came as quickly as I could."
she said. "Have you still got the

"Yes," said Dopey Ed, smoothly, "the diamond's here, safe enough. Did you bring the money?"
"Yes," said Pearl, opening her

"Yea," said Pearl, opening her fandbag.
Dopey Ed smiled. Something in his amile disturbed Pearl. She healtated, glanced toward the door through which she had just come, as though making sure that the way to departure was clear.
Bill Rack stood in the doorway, a sinister figure, staring at her with glittering eyes. She eaught her breath and glanced to-ward the second door in the room, Carsiaks stood in that door, smiling. And behing him were mooney and Black Tony.

Once More She Is Trapped. She realized that she was trapped

"Let me help you, Miss Standish," said Carslake politely, advancing and taking her handbag from her. He looked throught it hastily, but found no trace of the setting "Ah, the money is here allright, but I fall to find the ring," he ob-

we wanted, you know. May I ask where is it?"
"Where you'll not get it," aulake's hand. To Be Continued To-messon, &





Here Are Smart Hats and Furs

Repuvished by Special Arrangement with Good Housekeeping, the Nation's Greatest Home Magazine.



AST season we gave hats an L inch, and this season they have taken an ell. They will be just as big as they can. And in this tan velvet hat, blue crowned, and with a heavy gros-grain ribbon bow, their policy of imperialistic expansion is evident. The lovely caps is mole collared with for

SMART exception to prove A the rule of natural furs is the flat stole above of taupe squirrel, topped with gray creps de chine. Rose velvet, blue ribbon and rose crepe de chine form this hat, which is charmingly unusual in design, as well as in combination

FURS are often capes, and capes are often mink," says this newest and smartest of models, which droops low over the shoulder under a swathing collar and fringes out in tails. The fashionably large hat is of velvet and Jak is 3 seeds

THE smart un-fur-trimmed-tallored suits had best provide a separate fur piece, perhaps like this one of sable. Hat trimmings are few, and often original, as in the red feather on this brown vel-vet hat, covered with creps de chine and anchored by a coral but

THE MANICURE LADY

By William F. Klrk.

THE old gent was sixty-eight years old yesterday," said the Manioure Lady. "Gee, George, I am glad my father has such good health. He's one grand old dad."

I hope he lives to be a hundred and never gets sick," said the Head Barber, generously. "That's all the tough going I wish him, kid."

"I think he would live to be a hundred if he don't worry too much about brother Wilfred," said the Manicure Lady. "Wilfred ain't got no job yet, and he is getting kind of melancholy. He wrote a peom about father being sixtyeight, and read it to the old gent, and it made such a hit with father that he gave Wilfred a five case note before he had time to think.

"The old gent ought to have been tickled with that," said the Head "My poor old dad died when he was fifty. He got in front of a moving train that kept moving."

moving."

"Oh. I wish that hadn't happened,
George!" said the Manicure Lady,
"but I am sure he is happler now."

"I hope so," said the Head Barber. "He was always happy as
long as he lived, I know that He
had the same kind of a disposition
you've got, Kid. Nothing feased
him." Us folks with awest natures is

"Us folks with aweet natures is kind of lucky when you stop to think of it," said the Manicure Lady. "Now, my sister Mayme ain't blessed that way. Every time there's a nice cool breeze blowing

there's a nice cool breeze blowing she says it is going to blow up a rainstorm. That's Mayme."
"It's too bad to be born that way," said the Head Barber. "Not meaning no disrespect to your sister, if she ever gets married it will be a rough muddy track her husband has got to travel. I wouldn't

"You wouldn't get no chance to be him, even if you was single," said the Manicure Lady. "Slater Mayme has some face and figure, believe me, George. And if she don't marry some distinguished, rich gent, I miss my guess. She would be some queen in society, too, George. Fine manners comes as natural to her as rough stuff comes to her dear old father. You just oughts see her table manners and the way she can talk about them old authors. I thought I had read a lot, but she's got me heat forty ways. She can say almost You wouldn't get no chance to forty ways. She can say almi

"That won't get her nothing say-ing what he wrote," said the Head Barber. "A lot of people can say what he wrote, but they couldn't write it."

You couldn't write it either and the Mantoure Lady. "What are you trying to get at — that Mayme is dumb? I hope you don't get no notion like that in your little head, George."

"I didn't say that," said the Head Barber. "She couldn't be dumb and

Barber. "She couldn't be dumb and be your sister. Anybody in this shop would know you wasn't dumb if they waited a minute any time of if they waited a minute any time of the day. If you could work as good as you could talk you'd get a raise every week."

"Yes," admitted the Manicure Lady, "I always prided myself on my powers of expression. If Wil-fred could write like I talk he'd are independent. I was inde-

get independent, I wish I was inde-

A Strange Story of Mystery and Fanaticism

8 Hictaner left the laboratory
Oxus said to Fulbert:
"Brother, I will keep watch and will call you as

Skirts Are Narrower This Season.

AST season, while most skirts were full, there were a few ultra fashionable models extremely straight. All

skirts are slimmer and narrower, and even the drapery

makes them look the slimmer. The square neck is newest in indoor dresses, and for suits and coats the collars are always high. From Good Housekeeping.

HICTANER 'The Man Fish'

S Hictaner left the laboratory Oxus said to Fulbert:

"Brother, I will keep watch and will call you as soon as Antil comes in. Go to see Moissite and Martha. Then go to beek, for we shall have hard work tomorrow preparing for the days to come."

The two men clasped hands and Fulbert left the laboratory.

The Buddhist priest wame first to Oxus' room. He crossed it without pausing, and, pressing a button hidden in a carving on the wall, he caused a section of the book shelves thought in the fulbert passed in. Everything was closed behind him, as he had found it. Bulbert found himself in a little salon lighted by electricity. Moleste was sunk, half reclining, in a deep easy chair.

When Fulbert entered she did not aim fler checks were pals and emaciated, her eyes red with tears, her whole bearing an expression of despair.

Filbert looked at her a long time in allence and without pity.

"My daughter!" he said at last.

"Don't call me that," mirmured Moisettes more in distress than harted, more in disput than snger.

"I am not your daughter any more than Hictaner is your son. We are both your victims. Why didn't you keep me as much a prisoner as Severae did? Tou don't answer!" The heathen pilest did not ever answer, in fact.

The heathen pilest did not ever answer, in fact.

The heathen pilest did not ever answer, in fact.

The scene had been repeated at each of Fulbert's visits. To Moisette's questions, at first uneasy, then agon ling, he had never replied.

What would he have said% It.

wer, in fact.

The sceme had been repeated at each of Fulbert's visits. To Moisette's questions, at first uneasy, then agon liting, he had never replied.

Bastied By a Girl.

What would he have said's it was abhorrent to him to think of lying to this tender child. He did not deign to explain or excuse himself. So he was ailent.

He would have liked Moisette to talk, and thus reveal to him her suspicions, and certainties of the iterities distress. Moisette only talked in distress. Moisette hand of which she was the most interesting vistim.

But the instinct of the feeble in distress. Moisette only talked in distress. Moisette was over one to show many talked in distress. Moisette was over one to work.

Where is my father, Moisette went on. Why does he never come to work. Why does he never come to work of the west of a tigge you would let her live here with me. We could then at least weep together. Moisette was overome with weeping and hid her face in her hands. You are like all other women, said Fulbert in disgust. "Not a grain of reason in your head nor any real atrength in mind or body, I said to you. 'Walt and you will be happy.' What need have you of knowing more? You are a brus!"

"Brutbert turned his head in the direction of the voice and there saw vers. a standing between the parted draperles, burning him with her great block eye, gleaning with indignational control of the parted draperles, burning him with her great block eye, gleaning with indignational control of the voice and there saw for you to console her. Why do you werless women. You torkure this poor child when it would be so easy for you to console her. Why do you fear her? She has told, me where we re.

"The Lost Isled Is it not everywhere a prison?

Then why cloister this child? What are your intentions? Why do you read to go the parted of the same to the further women and your intentions? Why do you console

"The Lost Isle: Is it not everywhere a prison?

"Then why cloister this child? Take some food and rest. Tomorrow night you will est out again to find out the further movements of day? Oh, if there were something of its arrival, if it is so daring as to here I might use as a weapon, I would have a poach the Lost Isle."

appeach the Lost Isle."
"One word more," said Antil.
"Yes."
"The Dreadnought, the English The courageous girl looked about her, well as she knew that no one had left any object in the apartment which could serve as a weapon, no matter how imperfect.

Fulbert shrugged his shoulders still higher and answered clowly:

"I come because I wish to see. The

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

Advice to the Lovelorn By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

It Seems Mercenary. DEAR MISS PAIRPAX: Is it proper, and does it show

uture is to give Moisette her happi-

good spirit in a young woman, then she keeps encouraging the attentions of a young man, five years younger than herself. years younger than herself, knowing the young man has aged parents depended on his support? She has been told by friends his situation, and her only reply has been, she is looking for a home for herself and aged mother, whom she now has to support alone. F. B.

YOUR story suggests that the young woman is mercenary, cold-blooded and calculating. But remember, you are looking at the thing from just one angle of vision. and that she, herself might be able to give a different light on the subject. Probably this is one of those difficulties which will adjust itself. and to make a fuss about it or to lay too much stress on it may just bring about the opposite results from those you intend.

Tell Your Mother.

DEAR MISS FAIRPAX: I am sixteen, attending high school. A man of forty has asked me to elope with him and insists on being married in the South. I am undecided about this matter.

MT dear child, what you need is a little schooling, a little common, sense and a good heart-toheart talk with your own mother. Isn't this man at least as old as your father? Even if he were to marry you and prove his intentions honorable, you could not do away with the fact that twenty years from now, when you are just in the prime of your young womanhood, he will be an old man. When men really intend to marry women they don't suggest a trip down South first and the wedding at the end of the honeymoon. This man is dangerous and undoubtedly means you no real good. Please tell your mother all about it. She can help you more than any one

The Cleanly Eel. Fresh water cels are very clean

feeders; they are sometimes seen eropping the leaves of watercreases and other aquatic plants as they ficat about in the water; but they are immense devourers of spawn of all kinds of fish. There are certain well-known spawning grounds in the Norfolk Broads where the roach an bream collect in vast numbers to spawn in the Spring. To these grounds the ellifolium in hundrer

tum to Tom Carleton.

Who's Who in the Thrilling New Film Pearl Standish PEARL WHITE Richard Carslake Warner Oland The High Priestess......Ruby Hoffman Nicholas Knox

"Tm not so sure of that," responded Caralake. "This house is not known to anyone excepting my little band. No one knows you've come here. You are in my hands, Miss Standish."
She looked at his mercliess eyes and cruel lips, and fear crept into her heart.
"The ring is in the upper drawer. of from the photo-play "The

herright, 1917, Fred Jackson.
all rights reserved.,
turned a bit white as he The ring is in the upper drawer The ring is in the upper drawer of my dresser," she said slowly.
Thank you, "responded Carslake. "Gentlemen, kindly escort Miss Standish to the living room."
They seized her roughly at this command and hustled her out. Carslake passed out of the house, hurried to the nearest phone booth, and from there called the Standish house.

By an odd coincidence, it was Tom Carleton who answered the phone. He had set out valiantly enough for his office, but on the way, becoming more and more uneasy about Pearl, he had decided to come back Fearl, he had decided to come back and exhort Aunt Mattie to lend her ald in persuading Pearl to be more circumspect and discreet. And he was in the midst of his pleading with the old lady when the phone rang and she asked him to answer

Carslake's Ultimatum.

"This is Richard Carslake speaking," said that gentleman, beginning the conversation. "Who are

"Tom Carleton," answered Tom. "Ah. Mr. Cariston. Nothing could be better," smiled Carsiake with sat-isfaction. "I take pleasure in in-forming you that Miss Standish is forming you that Miss Standish is once more in my hands. The setting for the violet diamond is in the top drawer of her dresser. If you want to save the girl's life bring it to me at the Grand Central station before three o'clock." Three o'clock?" repeated Tom,

"I'll be waiting," added Carslake. "Drop the setting into my side-pocket and do not have me fol-lowed. If I do not return to my people before the clock strikes three the girl will be done away with and you will never know what

happened to her!" "Just a moment," said Tom. He explained to Aunt Mattie what Carslake had said, and the old woman "Tell him we'll do it. Tell him

we'll do anything if only he will send Pearl back to us!"

send Pearl back to us!"

Tom repeated her message to
Carslake, who hung up his receiver,
smiling triumphantly.

But he might not have been so
pleased had he known that one of
the High Priestess's Arabs was in
the next phone booth to his, listening to everything that he said! ing to everything that he said! Carslake returned to the refuge

and conferred with his men.
"Now, boys," he said calmly,
neither lowering his vvonce on
Pearl's account nor raising it so
that she could hear. He had determined upon his plans and meant every word that he said. "I am going to meet Carleton and get the ring I want. He is to deliver it to me in good time so that \$ can be back here with it at three. "If I am not here by three o'clock precisely, you will know that trick."

precisely, you will know that trickery of some sort has been attempted and you will kill the girl. I want no misunderstanding now. If I am not here by three, when I do come, I want to find her—dead!"

Pearl drew her breath sharply and stared at this cold-blooded fiend. His men merely nodded and promised obedience.

"All right!" cried Carslake then. "Take her inside!"

Pearl was conducted into the rese. and you will kill the girl. I want

Pear! was conducted into the rear

Pearl was conducted into the rear room and there left. Mooney, Black Tony and Dopey Ed remained on guard in the living room that cut off all means of escape, and Carslake set out at once for the Grand Central Station.

In the crowds at that great terminal he took up his position and weited.

Tom Carleton, meanwhile, was Tom Carleton, meanwhile, was hurrying downtown, with the setting of the ring in an envelope in his inside pocket. He hated the thought of meeting Carslake's terms, but his anxiety for Parr's safety outweighed all other considerations, and he meant to try later on to outwit the great crook and lawbreaker in some other fashion.

As he came down the white marble steps to the great concourse he

ble steps to the great concourse he Cursiake almost at once, standing idly in one corner. No flash of recognition lighted the crook's eyes. however, as they passed swiftly over Tom, nor did he turn his head as Tom dropped the envelope into his

A Pleasant Surprise.

For all the sign he gave, one might have thought that Tom's action had passed unobserved. But Tom knew that he had felt the envelope slip in, for he turned at once and started leisurely for the exit.

Before he reached it, however, he Before he reached it, however, he was intercepted. Wiggsey Benson, a successful pickpocket, and once a companion in crime of Caralake's, happned to in the station, too, at that hour and as his eyes rested on Caralake he dashed forward with wallowning hand autostached. welconming hand outstretched. "Well, well! This is a pleasant irprise!" he cried, shaking Cars-

Have You Imagination?

free to invent for yourself egres and goblins-or good fairles. Which do you choose to summen?

None of the things we dread is as bad as our perfervid imaginations make them. None of our pet horrors ever torture us as -we thought they would. We use oursalves up and wear ourselves out, fearing some situation which lurks behind the black curtain of the future. Then we go draw the curtain, and behold! there is light on the other side and our Terror is a

beneficent and kindly ghost! Have you dreaded losing your job? Well, you lost it and walked the streets disconsolately looking for work for several weeks. At the end of that time, you got a far better position than the one you had

so feared losing. . If you have gone through the experience of learning to ride, you know that if you was at first afraid of your mount the horse seemed almost psychologically aware of it and was the harder to handle. With courage, it was fairly easy to keep your seat. The instructor told you that you were getting "a good wrist" and a splendid "knee grip." But you knew that it was more than that-you had mastered your mount, and he knew it and acknowledged it by responding to

your will. Your own fears are exactly like that. Directly you cease dreading them, they take orders from you! When terror is permitted to master you it rides you mercilessly.

But directly you conquer it the command becomes yours. Approach your fear, look at it from all sides, force yourself to

By C. A. Martin.

place of owing to the sea, flow in-

land. When the thing dreaded

above all others by the Australian

farmer happens, a grought, some of

there rivers disappear altogether.

Sometimes a drought lasts for

months and years, during which

time the river beds are used as

The years of 1839 and 1840 were

years of terrible drought in Austra-

lia. Near the town of Bathurst

there lived a small farmer named

Hargraves. He had suffered much

from doughts at one time and an-

other. Even when he did not have

this enemy to contend with he never

seemed to prosper greatly and his

neighbors were inclined to put him

Finally Hargraves determined to

give up and try his luck in the newly discovered gold fields of Cal-ifornia. But he was no more fortunate

there than he had been in New South Wales, though all fround him

roadways.

down as shiftless.

HERE is one great peculiarity

about many of the rivers of

Australia: many of them, in

it? What you have been afraid of is nothing actual, nothing tangible, but just a figment of your own imagination. And shall this conquer you?

But why bother with it at all? Why not invent for yourself radiant and happy imaginings? You can, you know. "As a man thinketh in his heart,

so is he." Never was anything more deeply beautiful and true than those lines. We come in the end to be a little like our dreams. Beautiful aspirations and equisite hopes leave their mark on every one just as ugly ones do. Why should anyone invent terror

and horror for himself when he is

perfectly free to invent beautiful Not very many of us could think of the exquisite fancies which Barrie makes real for us in his marvelous fairy-tale plays. But all of us are perfectly capable of making a start in the direction of thinking beautiful thoughts.

We have a way of training ourselves via suspicion and gossip and ugly innuendo to imagine evil of tiniest move in the direction which is not absolutely conventional and not easily explicable. Fear, scandal, scorn and hate are all polsonous emotions which react on the individual who sets them free. Long ago I heard a story of a gentle old lady who spoke kindly of every one. One of her friends said to her, "My dear, I believe you would think of something good to say of Satan him-

Half deprecatingly and far too quickly to be the result of a desire to be clever or to pose, the old lady

But while he was digging and shov-

elling along in a half-hearted man-

ner he was noticing the general for-

mation of the country. The hills

and valleys of California seemed to

him strangely like those at home

If there were gold in one place, why

He had very little money left, but

he managed to get back to Sydney.

Once there he had to borrow to hire

a horse to take him to the Blue Mountains, for in those days there

were no trains.

At a lonely inn on the slopes of the mountains be put up his horse. He found a boy there who knew all the streams for miles about. With

this boy for a guide he started out

one morning early, carrying only a trowel and a little tin dish.

When at last he came to what he thought a likely place he dug up a little of the sandy soil and dipped his dish in the stream until all the

sand was washed away. Then, at

the bottom, too heavy to be floated

away by the water, lay a few small

For two months he remained among the lonely hills making sure that his discovery was of real value. Then he returned to Sydney and wrote a letter to the Governor, say-

grains of dull gold.

not in the other?

FAIRFAX replied: "Well, he's really awfully energetic, you know."

By BEATRICE

An attitude like that is not a gift of the fairles or some magic result of good fortune; it comes from keeping your attitude toward things clean and sweet and wholesome. It is due to training your heart in kindliness and to using your imagination to cultivate and house pleasant thoughts.

It is perfectly possible to make up a dream world for yourself in which everything shall be pleasant and joyous. Vision is the quality which makes men achieve great things. Without vision America would never have been discovered. The telegraph and the telephone and the steam engine are all dreams

If you have not the magnificent gift of imagination which will fire you to invent a cotton gin or spur you to travel in search of the mouth of an Amazon River, at least you have imagination enough to look out at the black clouds of a stormtossed day and to feel back of them the blue of a kindly sky and the

golden sunlight. You know that the tiniest bud our neighbors if they make the holds the possibility of an appley blossom and that apple blossoms promise luscious fruit. It is easy enough to imagine what you have seen. The trick lies in imagining the unknown. And whether you imagine it grim and dour and threatening or beautiful and gentle and kind, is for you yourself to de-

> Your imagination lies absolutely under your control unless you wil-fully choose to let it run away with you. Even when you are dreaming you. Even when you are dreaming golden dreams you must remember that you need force and action to

The World's Great Dreamers

South Wales where gold could be But the Governor was suspicious. He told Hargraves that he must first point out the place. If this statement was true he would then be rewarded. Hargraves agreed.

In a week there were thousands of people digging and washing for gold in that lonely crock where a month before there had only been

ing that for five hundred pounds he

would show him places in New

one man and a boy. But although many made for-

gold fields were abandoned for the far richer ones in Victoria. Still, if

But although many made for-tunes there were more who were unlucky. Angry and disappointed, they declared Bill Hargraves had fooled them. If they could have found him they would have killed him. But, warned by the boy who had acted as his guide, he kept out of the way.

it had not been for Hargraves the discovery of gold in Australia might have been delayed for many might have been delayed for many years. All he ever received for himself was the reward paid by the Governor. He was too unpopu-lar in the country around about to remain. Still aided by his boy friend he finally escaped. What became of him has never been learned.

pendent." "If you was any more independ-ent, Kid." said the head barber. "If be working for you."